

The Cluster

Established in 1920

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The CLUSTER is the official newspaper of Mercer University, published by the students bi-monthly during the regular school year except during examination week and holidays.

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CLUSTER POLICY

"We are the sum of all the moments of our lives . . ."—Thomas Wolfe.
It shall be the policy of the Mercer CLUSTER to record these moments honestly, focusing them without distortion.

Member

Associated Collegiate Press

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Collegiate Digest

Studying

The first two or three weeks of a college year seem to be ever able to offer countless opportunities for non-study. The text-books may be slow in coming from the publishers; pledging fraternities or sororities occupy many hours; "ratting" adds to the general enjoyment its share. And by the time that the books come, the pledges become safely established, and the sophomore inquisition ends, the first three weeks of the quarter are gone. Usually, at this time, the freshman has increased his general knowledge only as far as the "Alma Mater" and "Fight Song," and the upperclassman can himself seldom find any noticeable increase of knowledge to boast of.

Many sigh and say, "The term has just begun. There is yet time to start studying." There is time, but it finds its beginning not in a mentally hazy future but in the cold, uncompromising present. Few professors are there who will censure a student for general ignorance the first week—perhaps even the second; but there are no professors who will condone the continued existence of that state.

A student attends a liberal arts college to gain a most liberal education. To increase his knowledge is his primary and most important objective. To allow any other factor to deter him from attaining that end shows a defect of character foreign to a man of college calibre.

"The time has come," said Lewis Carroll's walrus, "to think of other things." If he had been a college-going walrus, he would undoubtedly have been referring to the beginning of diligent studying—now.

Veterans

As we see conversion to peace-time status taking place, the Mercer Campus sees many friends returning to school to continue their studies. It is our sincere desire that they find a place in Mercer Campus life and their adjustment to civilian life may be made easier by help, understanding and consideration of the student body.

We are proud and happy to have these veterans return to us—they have been missed by everyone. They have earned our sincere admiration.

Welcome Home!

Cluster

The revival of The Mercer Cluster is another step in converting to peace-time activities. The response to the staff's appeal for workers has been excellent. We want to make this quarter's Cluster the best Mercer has ever had and welcome any suggestions that will help us to improve this publication.

Conditions permitting, we plan to have this paper come out on schedule.

Sailors Remember Old Acquaintances, Fond Memories

"Should old acquaintance be forgot." Yes, this might very easily be the song on the minds of Mercer's V-12's, as the time approaches for their leaving Mercer.

Over two years ago the time-worn walls of Mercer look down on a scene quite unfamiliar. A campus, once known by men such as Senator George, Congressman Vinson and many other now famous personages, now ring with the footsteps of marching men—youthful ambitious lads preparing themselves to be officers in the naval reserve.

Mercer answered the nation's call by offering her facilities to the reserve training program sponsored by the Navy. From that day on hundreds of new doctors, pilots, and deck officers, trained at Mercer, have been going out to man the Navy's ships and planes.

That is a brief history of the "tars" at Mercer. But there are many more things, not as apparent, but really just as important.

The boys in blue have entered wholeheartedly into campus life. Fraternities, hard hit by the draft, were revived with a transfusion of new blood. Clubs, such as the Mercer Players, Alembic Club, Glee Club, the Cluster, also received a boost. Athletic teams, previously disbanded, were started again.

To the sailors themselves, Mercer meant a great deal. For many of them, it was their first taste of college life. The many entertainments and special events held their interest and lightened their tasks.

But all these things are general. Mercer has implanted its own special memories on our minds.

Who of us will ever forget "Doc" Crudup? His way with students, his pleasing voice, and his cheerful smile were well known. He was also famous for his "lightning" lectures. We always told the joke about the fellow who dropped his pencil and was two chapters behind before he could pick it up.

A favorite spot to all has been the co-op. Here it was that the sailors received their mail; and also where they bought the afternoon cokes, played ping-pong and "wooded" the coeds.

A favorite phrase among us was "Let's go to the gedunk." (To the uninitiated, that is the code name for the Tattnell Square Drug Store.) Many a pleasant hour has been spent here urging oneself to go back and "hit the books."

All good things must come to an end and as such, so must our pleasant stay at Mercer. We leave behind many good friends and past joyful experiences and take with us fond memories of happy days.

Hayride, Barbecue Held by Kappa Alpha

The brothers and pledges of Kappa Alpha and dates enjoyed a hayride to Dixon's Lodge last Friday night.

Members and dates were: Jay Trawick, president, and Gloria Gilmore; Compton Usina and Ann Weaver; Landrum Leavell and Marguerite Palin; Talbot Smith and Ruth Baker; Harris Williams and Shirley Dukes; "Mo" Moore and Frankie Putney; Pat Pate and Jo Cureton; Charlie Ford and Katherine Sechrist; Henry Jones and Aline Jones; Paul Magellan and Lela Lewis. The chaperons were Mr. and Mrs. Dixon and Mr. Eliot Dunwoody.

This was the first of a series of parties planned by the social committee for coming semester.

WHY I LOVE RATTING

By A Freshman

Ratting, from its earliest time, has been a form of torment issued from upper classmen, mostly stinking sophomores, to freshmen, who are lowly in every form, or else made to believe it by the snakes who call themselves sophomores.

The reason I like torment is because torment is a form of amusement issued by cute people—cute people are bow legged sophomores—bow legs lead to two feet—two feet are twenty-four inches—sophomores inch everything out of freshmen they can—cans hold peaches—peaches are good—everything is good except upperclassmen—upper-

classmen remind me of dogs—dogs are horried—horried things are something awful—awful things are upperclassmen and skunks—skunks stink—so do upperclassmen—so does sulphur—sulphur cures diseases—diseases are bad—bad things are mostly upperclassmen—upper-

classmen are silly sophomores, jitting juniors, sour-pickle seniors—seniors are fathers with children—children are sweet—except the childish sophomores, who are mean and despicable—despicable means can't stand—I can't stand sophomores who rat—rat is an animal, I guess—guessing is what sophomores do when they think—think is what sophomores never do, because they don't have the ability—ability is a possession—possession is all the sophomores have—possession of authority, they think, when they can think—you spell think, t-h-i-n-k

—Kay is a girl—girls hate sophomores—sophomores are despised by everybody—everybody is only a freshman—I am a freshman—that is why I love torment. Because I love torment I am a great admirer of ratting.

I suspect these will be my last words. When the most worthy upperclassman, Judge Daniel Eden, reads these immortal words, I will immediately be rushed to the nearest wall and Jordan's Blackshirts will open fire and my remains will lie for the birds of the air to destroy.

But remember, "I love ratting."

Phi Mu pledges and sisters were entertained by Mrs. Phil Cox and Mrs. Charlie Clifton last Thursday night with an informal party.

For favors there were cakes decorated with the Phi Mu colors, pink and white. All pledges also received pink dolls made of yarn.

Later there was group singing and Nita Johnson, a visiting sister, entertained with solos.

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WHAT THE MINISTERS SAY

Why Study Science?

By Elry Cash

In the early 1920's the conflict between Science and Religion broke out anew. However, since that time right-thinking men and women have come to see that there is no real conflict between Science and Religion, but that rather they work together to reveal the wonderful glories of God. If in this day there is the faint echo of a conflict it can be traced to pseudo-scientists and pseudoreligionists, but in the realm of the true religionists and the true scientists there is not the slightest trace of such a conflict. The biographer of one of the world's outstanding scientists, Louis Pasteur, says of him, "Pasteur was a deeply religious man."

The question is very often raised by ministerial students: "Why should I be required to study Biology, Chemistry, Astronomy, and the other sciences?" Certainly this is a natural question for a student who has not completely thought through the whole issue to ask, and, I admit here that this was exactly my attitude when I enrolled at Mercer. Moreover, it is a question that cannot be answered in one sentence; a question, the answer to which actually grows upon a person so to speak. For, like the message of God's Holy Word, it is a progressive revelation and comes to one little by little as the study of it is pursued.

The very fact that those whose duty it is to set up prescribed courses of study for ministerial students have seen fit to include the study of science in the requirements of the college should be prima facie evidence that these courses are of value to the student. . . . If a man would know more about the work of God let him study science.

Certainly a well trained minister should be on a level with the best educated members of his congregation. In order that he may do this he must include in his study the pursuit of certain sciences, or at least a survey study of them. Moreover, he must maintain his place of leadership.

Many other reasons could be cited but our space is limited. May I quote in closing a statement from the pen of Sir John Herschel: "From the least of Nature's work man may learn the greatest lessons." . . . Study science.

SOPHOMORES EYE FRESHMEN RATS

It seems that this year's freshman class is one of the CUTEST Mercer has seen in a long time. What with the girls and their pig-tails, guns, half-made-up faces, and unbalanced stride you can see some mighty peculiar sights around the place. Also the boys are just adorable with their long stockings, rag-dolls, taped pencils, and half-shaved faces. Then, of course, we have for everyone, that wonderful exercise called buttoning and unbuttoning. It is claimed that this movement develops power and endurance. And, besides this, the rats get to walk all over the campus to get where they are going, even if it is just next door, counting cadence on all steps. Such a program of physical fitness should prove quite beneficial here at Mercer and should be appreciated by the lowly frosh. I'm sure they are enjoying it all, but should any of them find themselves unable to spend all of their time, any upperclassman will be glad to help them out on that account.

ALUMNI ENTERTAIN PHI MU SORORITY